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SIX INCHES OF STEEL.

YEARS ago—how long I need not tell—I wished to learn the two prominent accomplishments of a gentleman of that day, fencing and dancing. A friend gave me the address of a tenant of his in Russell Square, a French refugee, who taught these arts. One afternoon I called and asked was M. Jacques at home. A stout, hearty-looking English girl opened the door, and replied that the old gentleman was in, would I ‘come in here?’ ‘Here’ was a small room on the right of the passage.

The heavy slipshod feet toiled up the stone staircase; I heard a door half opened, and the murmuring of voices, and then the slipshod feet toiled slowly up another flight, and a firm yet light tread descending told me that M. Jacques was coming.

The door opened, and a tall, white-haired, soldier-like figure entered the room, and the keen eyes swallowed me and my belongings at a glance.

‘Good-day, sir. You are English; but, do you speak French?’

‘*Un peu.*’

‘Ah! I see, a very, very little; let us then talk in your tongue till by and by.’

Clearly, I did not speak French well, in M. Jacques’ opinion.

‘You desire me for what?’

‘My friend, Mr Wilson’—

‘Ah! your friend—he is a very good man—a gracious man; yes.’

‘He stated that you could teach fencing and dancing.’

‘Yes, that is true; I can teach fencing and dancing. Is it for that you want me?’

‘It is. I desire to learn both accomplishments as speedily as possible.’

‘Good; that is well: I like your energy. When will you begin?’

‘Now, if it suits you.’

‘Quite so. I am at your service.’

‘But you have not mentioned the terms.’

‘Terms?’

‘Yes. How much shall I have to pay?’

‘Yes, to pay. I had forgotten. You shall pay me for four lessons, one guinea. Is it well? Are you satisfac—satisfied?’

‘Satisfied.’

‘Yes, that is it. Are you satisfied?’

‘Quite. I will take twelve lessons in each art.’

‘Twelve lessons! Bah! you shall need little when you shall reach the ending of your course, if you have descent, as you call it here—blood—not bourgeois—you understand.’

‘My father, sir, was a surgeon, the son of a poor county gentleman. I am’—

‘*N’importe.* I can see what you are. I shall make you a good swordsman in a little time, if you will keep your eye on your adversary as you kept it on me when I made that speech to you. You have what you call “pluck.” Is it right—“pluck?”’

‘Quite right.’

‘Then come, and we shall try your eye and wrist up-stairs.’

He went up-stairs, and I followed the old soldier. We entered a large well-lighted room on the first floor, bare of all furniture but a piano, then a rarer instrument than now, and a few chairs. On the piers between the windows hung some foils and masks, while some half-dozen single-sticks stood in the corner.

‘Now, monsieur, will you place yourself there, as thus: with your body upright, and your arms hanging loosely to your sides, *comme ça.*’

The old gentleman put himself in position; as he did so, I noticed the slightest limp, the slightest possible, but still a limp—that I saw, as I watched him during the lesson, was from a stiffening of the knee-joint. I thought it was a curious thing to be taking lessons in the most active of exercises of an old gentleman who was lame, but I could see at once that he was a most perfect master of the weapon.

‘That will do for to-day for the sword, monsieur; now for the dance, if monsieur is not too much fatigued.’

‘Not at all—not the least.’

‘Well, then, to begin. You know a little of the dance?’

'A very, very little—as little as of French, monsieur.'

'Ah! you shall know all better in a little.'

He took from off the piano a small violin and bow, and ran a rapid scale on the strings.

'Good. Now, place yourself *comme ça*. One, two, three. You see it is simple—first position, second position, third position—you see. No, no, monsieur, that second position is wrong, all wrong; *comme ça*. Un, deux, now— *Peste!* my limb is troublesome to-day; I cannot dance.'

'Another day'—I began.

'No, no; remain; we shall manage.'

He moved to the door, and half-opening it, called impatiently in French: 'Julie, Julie, descend quickly in your shoes.' In a few seconds entered Julie.

Julie! It is a long time now since I first saw Julie. Can I picture her? A tall dark girl, with black—intensely black—large eyes, child's eyes; a small mouth, full lips, and a form thin, bony, and lithe as a grayhound's; dressed in a low child's dress, much too small and short for her. She was like a child of ten, seen through a glass that made her the size of a girl of eighteen. 'Mademoiselle de Bonheur—Monsieur Arthur Forrester.'

She courtesied low, in the style then in fashion; I made my best bow. 'Julie, my limb is to-day weak; I cannot teach; you shall teach this gentleman his dance.'

'Oui, mon père.'

'Now, begin. Un, deux, trois. Regard mademoiselle's feet, monsieur; it is her feet that dance. Un, deux, trois.' And so on for nearly half an hour, during which the eternal 'Un, deux, trois' was occasionally interrupted by little snatches of the strings with the fingers, and sudden sweepings of the bow over the instrument. 'Good, monsieur: you have life, you have soul; you shall yet dance—you feel the music. It shall be creditable to me to have taught you.—Julie, you shall wish monsieur good-day.'

'Bonjour, monsieur,' said Julie; and with a low courtesy she left us.

'And when will you come again?'

'The day after to-morrow I can come.'

'Bien; come then. I shall hope my limp will then be well. Bonjour, monsieur;' and the old gentleman rang the bell and bowed me out.

The day came, and I went again, and was directly shewn up-stairs into the room.

'Ah, monsieur, we are unfortunate; my limb is no use. This climate of yours is bad for old soldiers; my wounded limb aches for want of the sun.'

'I shall be glad to call another day, if more convenient.'

'No, no; it is of no consequence; Julie will teach you. Will you be so kind as to open the door for me?—I am crippled.'

'Certainly.'

'Julie, Julie!' thundered the old man; 'descend quickly, with your shoes and your *corsage*.'

Julie came in speedily, and with a small leather breast-guard in her hand. 'Bonjour, monsieur.'

'Bonjour, Mademoiselle Ju—de Bonheur.'

'See, now, you shall take your lesson from mademoiselle,' said monsieur, as he buckled on her leather armour and fitted her mask. 'Now, salute.

Julie, salute.' Julie went through the motions with an ease and grace that excelled her father's. 'Now, you must regard the hand of mademoiselle; the time has not come to you to watch her eyes. Now, *en guard*. Good. Carte—thrust.'

I thrust as gently as possible, while Julie, with the foil in her left hand, slipped the fingers of the right along my blade to aid the bend—in true fencing style.

'Bah! Monsieur, do not fear; it has not arrived to you yet to be dangerous to mademoiselle. Again, that. You must lunge with your body, and of mademoiselle have no fear; she can guard herself. Your nails up a little more. Now, the carte—thrust. That is better. Again.'

The situation was horrible; to be compelled to thrust full in the chest of this child; but there was no help for it, and I did it; and so we went on through the whole of the motions—prime, second, quint, parade, low carte, and the rest of it—Julie placing herself in the proper positions, and thrusting and guarding with a vigour and grace that more than equalled her teacher's.

After the fencing came the dancing, with its 'Un, deux, trois,' and a repetition of the caution that mademoiselle's feet should be regarded, as it was with those she was teaching.

The limb continued weak for some time, and the lessons continued to be given by Julie, and as my eyes began to get accustomed to look on hers through the haze of the wires of the mask—for I had become practised enough to be permitted to cross foils with her in real attack and defence—I saw a change had come over them; the child was growing a woman: there was no longer the stare of childish curiosity, or the simple glance of the practised fencer; there was more, the woman's soul waking in them. Her form altered; the angles were becoming rounded, the grace was more graceful, but the thin tightly stretched skin on the face and shoulders, that altered but little.

One day I bought a box of chocolates for the old gentleman, who was at last well enough to take the foils; he ate some, and gave the box to Julie, and we went on with our lesson, she remaining in the room for the dancing. When the lesson was over, he said: 'Ah! how I will enjoy one of your little chocolates.'

Julie started as if from a dream—the box was empty. He laughed, and said: 'Ah, my child, you are so fond of chocolates, you have not left your father one. Ah, *coquine*!'—and he pinched her ear—'ah, greedy one!'

She blushed, the tears started in her eyes, she said nothing.

'Bah! Now, monsieur, I have broken my string.—Julie, go get me— No; you don't know where; I'll myself go.—Mademoiselle shall play you some music while I am gone, monsieur; in a few minutes I shall return.'

The old man left the room with his instrument, and Julie turned to the piano and sat down. As I opened it, she said, with her voice full of tears: 'Monsieur, you must not think me a greedy child.'

'But,' said I laughingly, 'you ate the whole box.'

'True, monsieur; but since last Sunday I have eaten nothing but some bread—since yesterday, nothing. I am not greedy; I was only hungry and forgetful.'

'My God, mademoiselle! what can you mean?'

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You are destroying yourself. Why did you not eat—at your age?

‘At my age! There was nothing to eat; after Mary had eaten, there was nothing to eat.’

‘Heavens! Poor child! is this possible? I, wretch that I am, have never once offered to pay your father what I owe him; why, I have had one course of lessons after another, and paid for none. Why did not your father speak—remind me?’

‘Monsieur de Bonheur would die first.’

‘I will pay this moment. Fool that I was, not to see it in your face!’

‘Am I then so thin?’

‘Thin! poor child!’

‘Child! I am seventeen, monsieur.’

‘Seventeen, mademoiselle!’

‘Oui, monsieur; j’ai dix-sept ans.’

‘I am very sorry; I will at once see your father.’

‘Do not disturb yourself so much, monsieur; it is nothing. If it had not been for the chocolates, you would not have known about it at all, but I could not let you think me a greedy child. You will not speak to my father, as if I had told you? Promise me. He would never forgive me.’

‘Mademoiselle, I promise.’

The old gentleman now entered with the new string properly adjusted, and once more we began the one, two, three, four.

‘*Machinalement*, Julie, *machinalement*; monsieur is to learn to dance, not to dance for his pleasure. Again that. Un, deux, trois, comme ça.’

And so we went through the minuet and the new waltz, to the scraping of the violin; and whenever we moved a little too much, as though we were dancing for pleasure instead of practice, the old gentleman’s ‘*Machinalement*, Julie, un, deux, trois,’ speedily brought us to task level.

At the close of the lesson, I stated that I was uncertain about being able to come again for some time, and should be glad to discharge, as far as money could, my obligations to him.

‘N’importe, monsieur; when you have completed, will be good.’

‘I must beg you to allow me to settle the matter now.’

‘Bien,’ said monsieur, with a shrug, ‘if you wish it;’ and he dropped the guineas without counting them into his waistcoat pocket, with an air of indifference that would have been laughable but for the story I had just heard from poor Julie. I left the house, and waited at the street-corner to see what would happen; and in a few minutes I saw the English girl come out with her basket, and presently return with something in the basket, and on the top a little bottle of foreign make; and then I left, determined that while my ignorance of fencing and dancing could prevent it, Julie should never eat another box of chocolates from sheer hunger.

It was more than a week before I again went to the house. The change was complete; Julie was a woman, a beautiful brilliant woman. Food had acted on her as by magic. Her dress too was altered, higher in the throat, lower in the skirt, but still short enough to shew the most delicate foot and ankle I ever saw.

The old man saw no difference. When the limb was well, I fenced with him while Julie played; when the limb was bad, I fenced and danced with Julie, with only an occasional ‘*Plus machinalement*, Julie; un, deux, trois.’ And so it went on for months, till the old gentleman said to

me: ‘Monsieur, it is time for you to leave us. You are a good swordsman: it is only practice that you need to be one of the best. I can no longer take your money for teaching you, as I can teach you nothing.’

I pleaded for just one more course of lessons: I could not yet disarm.

‘True, monsieur, you cannot; you shall have one more course of lessons. My wrist is now getting stiff, as well as my limb; but Julie’s is of steel. She shall teach you. When you can disarm Julie, there is no more we can teach you.’

I don’t know how it happened, but just at this time, when my admiration—I don’t say love, but admiration—for Julie was at its highest point, I fell in love, literally headlong; not a moment’s warning was given me. I went to my mother’s one evening, and on entering the room, saw my destiny.

I went to take my lessons as usual, but I took no interest in them. I was changed; and never did I get fiercer thrusts in the fencing lessons. Six or eight times, my foil sprang out of my hand, as if I had been a novice. I was nettled. What had made Julie so angry? There was a flash in her eye. What had I done or said to cause it? I gave up guessing, and attended to the lesson once more. Her foil, like a lithe serpent, seized mine, and threw it with a loud clang against the wall.

‘Doucement, Julie; doucement, ma fille; doucement. Monsieur is fatigued. You had better cease.’

And never once during the dancing lesson that followed was uttered the usual ‘*Machinalement*, Julie;’ all the life and energy seemed to have left her.

The next lesson presented the same features, a little more subdued.

Between the third and last lesson, I happened to meet Julie and her father in the street; I bowed; and my companion asked who they were.

‘My fencing-master and his child.’

‘Child! Arthur.’

‘Daughter, I should have said. I’m going there to-morrow for my last lesson.’

‘Oh!’ And my destiny was more silent than usual during our walk home.

On the morrow, I went to Russel Square; and before we had been engaged ten minutes, the old gentleman was called away to see some visitor. He left the room with an apology to me, and I turned to renew my contest with Julie. She had thrown aside her mask, and was standing with the point of the foil in her left hand.

‘Now, Julie,’ said I—for insensibly we had dropped into the way of calling each other Julie and Arthur—‘now, Julie, once more.’

‘My name is Bonheur, monsieur; Mademoiselle de Bonheur. Who was that blonde Englishwoman I met you with yesterday?’

‘Who was it? That lady, Julie, will be my wife in less than a month.—What’s the matter, Julie? Are you ill?’

‘It is nothing. Take off your mask: we need not always play like children, monsieur.’

I threw it off into the corner of the room, and we began. I was quite cool; she, evidently under the influence of some strong passion, with amazing energy. Therefore she lunged at me with all her force and skill, and I felt once, as the point of her foil glided down mine, that though the leather was there, *the button at the end was gone*.

'The button of your foil is off, mademoiselle.'

'I know it, monsieur; I have taken it off. Now, monsieur, you shall be married in a month, but not as you are. It is your fair, false face she loves; but it shall not be fair: she shall find marks on it that will change it! It *shall* not be the face that I know so well that shall be hers to caress! No, no.'

'But, Julie'—

'Be guarded, monsieur; the foil has no button. I doubt if you shall live a month.'

And she attacked me with a fury that made me need every artifice she had taught me to ward off her thrusts. At last, it came carte over the arm; I parried badly, and the pointed blade ripped up my arm from wrist to shoulder.

The moment she saw the blood, she threw away the foil, and rushed towards me. I sank on to the couch fainting from loss of blood, with just strength enough left to say: 'Break off the point, Julie, dear,' and then swooned.

When I came to, my arm was bound up, and I heard her sob as I lay with my mind awake but my body motionless: 'Oh, my Arthur! my love! I have killed you! I have killed you, for whom I would have died! Oh, wretch that I am, he will die—he will die!'

She laid her face on my breast, and shook me with her sobs. 'Don't cry, Julie, don't cry; it was an accident, I know, and'—

'No—you will live—you must live to forgive me. It was not an accident—I meant to kill you, wretch that I am!'

I could only say: 'Don't cry, Julie, dear. What do they say? Where is the point? Give it me.'

She gave me the broken-off part of the foil. I saw it had been rubbed on some stone till it was as sharp as a needle.

When M. de Bonheur returned, he brought with him his visitor, who by good fortune happened to be an old comrade of his.

'Well, are you better now? How did it happen?'

'The point of the foil broke off, and the edge took me on the wrist as I lunged.'

'Bah!—Julie, you must have guarded very badly to do that. Where is the foil?—Yes; I see the point is broken off. Where is the point?'

'It must be about the room.'

The visitor looked at Julie, and said: 'It does not matter; it can be found by and by, when this gentleman has gone. He will be strong enough in an hour to go—meanwhile, let him rest a little; Julie can take care of him.'

'Ah, Julie, but it was an awkward guard of yours, and the foil too must have been bad; I shall have to complain to the maker.'

Poor Julie sat by me, quite penitent and quite forgiven, for an hour or more, and when we heard them coming, I turned to her and said: 'I quite forgive you, Julie, dear; you must love me still like a brother, as I shall love you like a sister.' And then—well, there's no harm in these things between brothers and sisters—and then I went home, rather faint and weak, to explain matters, and meet my destiny.

As for Julie, the family property of the De Bonheurs was restored to the old gentleman some months afterwards, and they quitted England; soon after which I received from the Marquise de Charenton a letter which I at once burned, beginning, 'My dear Brother,' and ending, 'Your most affectionate sister, Julie.'

Among the treasures of the past which I, like others, keep so carefully and so secretly, there is a packet that contains six inches of steel, and on it is engraved but one word—'Julie.'

ST PAUL'S.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE late Dean Milman has left to his fellow-countrymen a most fitting bequest—the annals of his own cathedral. If it is not so interesting as the records of Westminster Abbey, so lately compiled by Dean Stanley, the fault is in the subject, not in the writer. St Paul's has not the general interest belonging to it which surrounds its sister structure. Its history is essentially sacerdotal; and, except in late years, the bones of our mightiest men were not interred within its vaults. The struggles of which it was the scene were for the most part what at this distance of time appear almost party conflicts; although the events that resulted were often of enormous consequence—at all events to those immediately concerned. A great many good folks were burned to death, for instance, upon doctrinal points, which do not, now-a-days, seem very important, but which the state, by the mouths of the preachers at Paul's Cross, pronounced to be indispensable, at all events to the salvation of the body. Dry, and comparatively dull, as is the early part of this instructive volume,* one almost prefers it to the terrible details of religious cruelty which light up the central portion of the narrative as with the glare of the Smithfield fires.

It is not known with any exactness at what period St Paul's first became a spot devoted to religious worship, although, from the report of Camden and others concerning the excavations which took place there in the reign of Edward III., when 'stags' horns, boars' tusks, and instruments and vessels thought to be sacrificial' were found, it has been supposed that a temple of Diana once occupied the site. That there was a catacomb beneath, or on the declivity of the hill, seems, however, certain, which doubtless contained the remains of successive masters and inhabitants of London. 'Upon digging the foundation for the fabric of St Paul's, Sir Christopher Wren found under the graves of the latter ages, in a row below, the burial-places of the Saxon times. The Saxons, as it appeared, were accustomed to line their graves with chalk-stones, though some more eminent were entombed in coffins of whole stone. Below these were British graves, wherein were found ivory and wooden pins of a hard wood, seemingly box, in abundance, of about six inches long. It seems the bodies were only wrapt up and buried in woollen shrouds, which, being consumed, the pins remained entire. In the same row, and deeper, were Roman urns intermixed. This was eighteen feet or more, and belonged to the colony when Romans and Britons lived and died together.'

It is probable that Mellitus, the companion of Augustine, who fixed his episcopal see in London, first used the spot on which St Paul's now stands as a place of Christian worship; and in obedience to the wise counsel of Pope Gregory the Great—that places hallowed by the religious feeling of

* *Annals of St Paul's Cathedral.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D. London: Murray.

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the heathen were to be thus utilised—he perhaps turned what was a heathen temple into an orthodox fane. His fourth successor was Erkenwald, whose munificence towards the fabric was such, that his memory was long held in higher honour within the cathedral than its patron saint himself. The Saxon kings that followed him abetted his efforts, and Canute the Dane (we have authentic proof) ratified their splendid donations. But of this first edifice (in which Lanfranc certainly sat in convocation at the head of his clergy) we have no detailed record, except that we know it was destroyed by that enemy which was destined to overcome it again and again—fire—in 1087. One of the last acts of William the Norman was to contribute stone towards the rebuilding of this structure. In Henry I.'s reign a great portion of it seems to have been burned down once more. In Henry II.'s time it was sufficiently restored to admit of a solemn scene before its high altar, namely, the excommunication of its own bishop. 'It was, as it seems, during the solemn service at St Paul's that an emissary of Becket had the boldness to enter the cathedral, to advance to the altar, and thrust the roll bearing the sentence into the hands of the officiating priest, and to proclaim with a loud voice: "Know all men, that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury." He escaped, with some difficulty, from the ill-usage of the people.'

The next striking incident within the walls of St Paul's was the arraignment of William de Longchamp, the chancellor, for many atrocious and tyrannous crimes, including ill-usage of the Archbishop of York. Prince John (his brother Richard being in the Holy Land) presided, and all the bishops met in the nave. In the same reign, Paul's Cross first became remarkable as the place from which William Fitz Osbert poured forth his inflammatory harangues against the crown. He seized and held the tower of St Mary-le-Bow, and being hard pressed, set fire to that sacred edifice, dedicated to the Virgin; they dragged him out of the flames only to carry him naked through the streets, and burn him alive in chains, as a caution against democratic principles. Paul's Cross thereupon, we read, without much wonder, 'was silent for many years.'

This spot was more historic than even the cathedral itself, outside whose walls—at the north-east corner—it stood. It was originally, perhaps, like other crosses, set up at the entrance of the churchyard, to remind the passers-by to pray for the dead interred within. But at an early period a pulpit was erected of wood, on a stone base, with a canopy of lead. These were supplanted by a more splendid stone cross with a pulpit, of whose grace and beauty London was justly proud. The discourses from Paul's Cross ruled the public mind more than ought that was preached elsewhere. 'Except the king and his retinue, who had a covered gallery, the congregation, even the mayor and aldermen, stood in the open air.' Here papal bulls were promulgated; here excommunications were thundered out; here sinners of high position did penance; here heretics knelt and read their recantations, or, if obstinate, were marched off to Smithfield. Nor was it only with church matters that it was connected; royal edicts were published here; kings proclaimed and traitors denounced. What strange scenes must that north-eastern corner of St Paul's have

witnessed! The Reformed religion was in fact proclaimed here, and afterwards recanted. On the latter occasion, when the preacher began to inveigh against Ridley, a dagger was thrown at him, and a riot raised. Ridley himself had preached there a few years before in a manner little to his credit. On the accession of Lady Jane Grey, he had denounced both the sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, as bastards. Then, when Jane's cause was lost, he had stolen away in a dastardly manner to Cambridge, in order to make his peace—but in vain—with Mary. Many of our so-called martyrs appear here in indifferent colours; though, indeed, their persecutors were more base, more mean, more cruel. From the reign of Henry VIII. to the end of that of Elizabeth, these Annals are stained with blood, and smirched with fire. Scarcely a bishop on either side but exhibited a slavish awe when his party were depressed, and a tyrannous brutality when it became uppermost. It is a sad page of human nature.

Perhaps the most terrible scene of which St Paul's was witness, was the reading of the Interdict pronounced against the whole realm in the reign of King John; 'when London heard the fearful office which shut all the churches of the land to the devout worshippers, and deprived them of the prayers, the masses, all the spiritual blessings and privileges of the church. Infants lay unbaptised, except with some hasty and imperfect ceremony! Joyless marriages were hurriedly performed in the church porch: the dying yearned in vain for anointment with the blessed oil and for the holy Eucharist; the dead were buried in unconsecrated ground; when day after day the bells ceased to toll, and the few citizens passed by or pressed in vain against the inexorably closed doors of the silent church.' Characteristically enough in those days of respecting of persons, 'the Bishop of London, who, without resistance, had pronounced the fatal ban against his whole diocese, had fears or conscientious scruples about the sentence against the king. The godless John alone remained unsmitten, untouched.' The greatest humiliation that this realm ever suffered took place before the altar of St Paul's, when the interdict was removed, and the legate of the pope received the cession of the kingdom as a fief of the holy see. The English clergy, with the exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who 'could not suppress his deep groans during the ceremony,' submitted patiently to this outrage; but when another legate, in the succeeding reign, preached the first sermon of which we have any report, at the cathedral, his insolent words went not unanswered. The Holy Father had been so indiscreet as to meddle with vested interests, and when his ambassador came to the new canon, which required a dispensation from the pope to hold pluralities, there arose from the dignified ecclesiastics who surrounded him 'a low and ominous murmur.' Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester, took off his mitre, and, in the name of the clergy of England, made his solemn protest. 'Many of the prelates of England were men of high birth. They had been wont, by holding many benefices, to maintain their dignity, to shew generous hospitality, and to be prodigal in alms-deeds. Some were old; they would not consent to be robbed of their income, and reduced to ignominious poverty. Some were young and bold, and would endure a hard struggle before they would surrender their rights. For myself,

before I was a bishop, I made a firm resolution not to be so plundered.' And *that* matter was reconsidered by the Holy Father.

In 1250, Primate Boniface (the nominee of the pope, and a foreigner), having obtained from Rome a grant of first-fruits from all the benefices in his province, and spent them, set forth on a visitation, 'not, as it was said, for the glory of God, but, as too plainly appeared, in quest of ungodly gain. He appeared in London, and treated the bishop and his jurisdiction with contempt. The Dean of St Paul's stood by his bishop. The primate appeared with his cuirass gleaming under his pontifical robes. The dean closed the doors of his cathedral against him. Boniface solemnly excommunicated Henry, Dean of St Paul's, and his chapter, in the name of St Thomas the martyr of Canterbury. The sub-prior of St Bartholomew's (the prior was dead) fared still worse. He calmly pleaded the rights of the bishop; the wrathful primate rushed on the old man, struck him down with his own hand, tore his splendid vestment, and trampled it under foot.' A strange scene in the sacred edifice, truly.

In 1458 occurred on the same spot an imposing spectacle, though fated to bear no fruit. It was the solemn reconciliation of the claims of York and Lancaster. 'There was some dread of a collision between the hostile and ill-accordant factions. King Henry and Queen Margaret slept at the Bishop's Palace in the precincts. The great lords assembled in the chapel of that palace. The king, holding his full court, surrounded by Yorkists and Lancastrians, sat on a throne. The Archbishop Bourchier set the crown on his head. The procession to the church, preceded by the archbishop, his cross borne before him by the Bishop of Rochester, was met by the dean and chapter. Two and two came those terrible nobles, so soon to meet again in deadly battle—the Duke of Somerset and the Earl of Salisbury, the Duke of Exeter and the Earl of Warwick. Then came the poor king, crowned, with the sceptre in his hand. The queen followed smiling (oh! the bitterness of that smile), and "conversing familiarly" with the Duke of York. They knelt in prayer—one at least, the king, on his faldstool—in devout, earnest, Christian prayer. The nobles were on their knees behind. High mass was sung; the archbishop pronounced the benediction—"Go in peace!"—a benediction which had but a brief effect indeed. 'Thirteen years later, the body of the hapless Henry—not without strong suspicion of foul play—was displayed in the cathedral. Blood gushed from the king's nose—which was held a corroboration of this dark belief. Twelve years afterwards, Jane Shore did penance in St Paul's.' Her beauty appeared extraordinary as she walked in very scanty attire with a cross before her, and a paper in her hand, 'the gaze of the people flushing her fair cheeks with exquisite colour. They thought less of her shame than of the cruelty of the Protector.'

Perhaps they did, and certainly well they might. But nothing is so striking and so sad as the blindness of these days to the sense of justice, if only it was outraged by persons high enough in power. Even in the very few who exercised liberty of conscience, there seems to have been little of what we are now accustomed to call 'principle' of any sort. Dean Colet—whose intellectual qualities were for that time a perfect marvel—thought it no harm to

hold, while yet only in subdeacon's orders, a living in Suffolk, and prebends in York, Salisbury, and St Martin's-le-Grand. Yet our author truly says, 'the more the veil is withdrawn from the mind and character of Colet, the more does he stand out as beyond his age.' Besides his striking lectures on St Paul, certain treatises of his upon the Book of Genesis have been unearthed in the Cambridge Library. 'If on St Paul, Colet rigidly adhered, not to the letter (he was far beyond the notion of plenary verbal inspiration) but to the sense of the apostle, we find him in a far more free spirit treating the first chapter of Genesis as a noble poem, designed by its author, Moses, to impress upon a rude and barbarous people the great truths of the creation of the world by one Omnipotent God. The description of the successive acts of creation is followed out with singular ingenuity; and these and the periods of time have in his view a profound religious scope, but in themselves are only pious fictions to commend the great internal truths.' Here follow some extracts, which might have been published yesterday by some 'Broad Church' Divine, and of which our author may well remark: 'Strange that the Dean of St Paul's in the nineteenth century should find the views which he has so long held, so nearly anticipated by the dean of the sixteenth.' Colet, indeed, was by far the most remarkable person immediately connected with the subject of this volume. Had he lived a few years later, he would undoubtedly have been burned alive by Papists or Protestants, and been considered a martyr by neither party. He even ventured to declare in his own cathedral—and after a convocation therein had that day condemned three-and-twenty Lollards to abjure or be burned in Smithfield—that the lives of wicked priests were the worst heresy. Again, when wilful, passionate Henry VIII. was wild for war, Dean Colet preached before him on the victory of Christ, and against wars waged from hate or ambition. Before Wolsey, he preached against pride. The great Erasmus describes Colet as one of the two most perfect Christians whom the world, in his time, had seen.

It must be remembered that throughout this same dean's time there was nothing like simplicity (far less rationalism) in religious matters: the cathedral in which he preached was still adorned with its ancient shrines, and lit with its ever-burning tapers. St Erkenwald still held his splendid state, as in the old times when Richard Preston left the saint his best sapphire to remain for curing infirmities of the eyes; the body had been translated from the crypt with infinite pomp by Stephen, and was deposited immediately behind the high altar; a grate of ironwork of exquisite workmanship protected it (and its treasures) from the too familiar devotion of the faithful; and 'no wonder, for the very dust, mingled with water and drank, wrought instantaneous cures.' Before these shrines 'the greatest paid their devotions and made their oblations. King John of France, the captive of Poitiers, made his orisons in the cathedral of the metropolis of England; his offerings were those of a king, not of a prisoner. Twelve nobles at the Annunciation, twenty-six at the crucifix near the north door; as he approached to the high altar, he presented four basins of gold. He gave to the dean five florin nobles, of which the petty canon officiating (John Lillington) had his share.' He gave St Erkenwald twenty-two nobles. Near each crucifix and altar was a strong iron box, or pyx,

in which the high chapter. the box pounds of more profitably have pro other ol preserve timable Dean Ra to the cl the first our Lon and par the dust wonder. St Paul St John tained t Holy Vi part of Another The whi dral on to his tv 'The crystal, precious site wo tained two ima vase, an gilt, hav fourth, St Eth church adorned modera crystals in the j But with th

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in which the oblations were deposited: those on the high altar were assigned to the dean and chapter. According to archives now in existence, the box under the great northern cross yielded fifty pounds a month, or, according to the present value of money, nine thousand pounds a year. What a profitable investment must popular St Erkenwald have proved! But St Paul's was not wanting in other objects of 'devout worship. Dugdale has preserved from older days two lists of the inestimable treasures of reliques, one drawn up by Dean Radulph de Diceto, as belonging in his time to the church. The other is of a later period. Of the first list, the most remarkable are a knife of our Lord, hair of St Mary Magdalene, with bones and part of the dresses of saints and martyrs, and the dust of other reliques. But they advanced in wonder. In the second list is some of the blood of St Paul, hair of the Blessed Virgin, the hand of St John the Evangelist. Another reliquary contained the milk, the vest, and more hair of the Holy Virgin. Another had pieces of the skull, and part of the dress, of St Thomas of Canterbury. Another the head of St Ethelbert, king and martyr. The whole body of St Mellitus, of which the cathedral once boasted, seems to have dwindled down to his two arms, one large and one small.

'These reliques were encased in reliquaries of crystal, adorned with gold and silver work and precious stones, some of them, no doubt, of exquisite workmanship. The crystal vase which contained the milk of the Virgin was supported by two images of St Peter and St Paul, incensing the vase, and a certain angel. The base was of silver gilt, having on its three corners three lions, on the fourth, a dragon supporting the vase. The jaw of St Ethelbert, the Confessor and founder of the church of St Paul's, was in a case, silver gilt, adorned with three great precious stones, four of a moderate size, ten smaller, and above two round crystals; but there were not more than four teeth in the jaw.'

But the time was coming when all these geese with the golden eggs should cease to lay.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

CHAPTER XV.—ON HERSHELL REEF.

Was it well for me to leave to others, not his kin, the task of following my beloved benefactor to the grave? Or was it well to neglect his last commands during that precious time in which alone I might be able to obey them? The delay of even a single day might offer to the Hindu an opportunity for flight, which would place him beyond the reach of my outstretched arms for ever. On the other hand, to quit that roof, which had been my happy home so long, while its late master yet lay beneath it, was most abhorrent to my feelings. Mr Glendell, as I expected, took the practical view of the matter.

'If your poor uncle were dying, Marmy, your presence, even if you could do him no good, would be a comfort to him; and I would not have had you deprive him of it, for any amount of material profit; but since he is dead, it seems to me you can do no better service to him than that of carrying out his express injunctions.'

On the whole, my own judgment tallied with this verdict; but the thought that it was no longer my uncle who was interested in the recovery of

the Hindu, but myself alone—that the pursuit on which I was about to enter had my own advantage for its end, held me still irresolute. I turned inquiringly where I knew worldly prudence would have no grain of weight if loving duty were indeed in the opposite scale—to Rosa.

'It is a question for yourself alone to answer, Marmy,' said she quietly, 'and not for us. If you are secretly aware that the idea of personal profit chiefly actuates you to leave him yonder'—and she pointed to the chamber of death—'rather than his own mandate, then I should bid you stay, for the sense of such a misdeed might be a ghost to haunt you, such as no worldly prosperity could ever lay.'

'I am quite conscience clear,' said I earnestly, 'in that matter, Rosa. But to leave him thus'—

'He is not here, Marmy—he is in heaven,' answered the young girl softly. 'The empty house of clay which he has quitted will, you may trust my father, have due reverence, even though you do not watch beside it; and when it is borne to the grave, it shall not lack at least two true mourners.'

I took her hand, and pressed it fondly. 'I will go, Rosa: that is the best and wisest course. I know not how long I may be away'—I was going to say 'from home,' but the word stuck in my throat; 'the Point' seemed home no longer, now that it had lost its master. 'I know not whether this search of mine may carry me—perhaps across the seas. But I will find this man, if he is above ground; so help me Heaven!'

'Amen!' said the little doctor cheerily. 'Folks may say that colour is but a matter of fancy, but I, for my part, would never knuckle under to a black man, nor yet to a whitey-brown. Trust to me and Rosa for having all things as you would wish them to be at Hershell; and be off at once. There is every reason for haste. I have found out from Martha, who is outrageous against the Hindu for taking himself off at such a time, that he has spoken to her of late about returning to India. There is a ship, I know, about to start from Daisyport for Calcutta, and I should not wonder if he tried to get a passage in her. You must catch him where the warrant can run, which, for all I know, it cannot do upon the high seas.'

'If I catch Sangaree Tannajee,' said I between my teeth, 'I'll answer for it I'll bring him back, warrant or no warrant. I shall take one of those persuaders with me which I have already found so influential with this scoundrel.'

'That's not right,' interposed Rosa firmly. 'You must only do what the law empowers you to do. Suppose this man is obstinate, and you are equally determined? Oh, pray, pray, Marmy, for my sake, do not take your pistols.'

'Rosa is right,' said the doctor reflectively: 'you might get in a passion with the scoundrel.'

'I shall not do that,' said I savagely; 'I am past passion.'

'Dear Marmy,' urged Rosa solemnly, 'is it possible you can persuade yourself you are obeying your dead uncle's wishes in acting as you propose? Would he, who has borne with this poor wretch so patiently for years, and who, we almost may say, in preserving his life, has just lost his own, approve of such a course of conduct as you are now contemplating? Come; give up this mere longing for revenge, which belies your nature, Marmy, and keep within the pale of right. Who are you, even

if you could do so with impunity, that you should thus play the part of a despot, of a tyrant, and towards so despicable an object?

'I was wrong, dear Rosa,' said I ruefully; 'and you shall keep my pistols for me—although I did but intend to frighten the rascal with an empty barrel.'

But in reality I knew not what I had intended to do, and even now, under the influence of my darling's gentle sway, I was scarcely master of myself. The awful event of the last night had of course unhinged me. It was the first time in my life I had ever been thrown upon my own resources. The simple commonplaces of home-life, and the quiet pursuits of literature, were about to be suddenly exchanged for—I knew not what poverty, toil, and failure; or perhaps for sudden affluence, the very source of which, at present hidden from me, I was as eager to discover as any lad in the Arabian tales, thwarted by some malignant Jin. And I was not afraid of my Jin; I longed to meet with him, that I might clutch him by the throat, and bid him disgorge that secret, the mystery of which seemed to possess me wholly, now that it had come by inheritance mine. Perhaps I should not soon have disentangled myself from this web of thought, had not Mr Glendell swept it away from me with: 'The gig and mare are at the door, Marmy; and my man shall drive you first to the nearest magistrate, to get the warrant; and then on to Daisypore.'

'Thanks, thanks,' cried I, grasping the doctor's hand.—'Good-bye, dear Rosa.'

Then I had one more 'good-bye' to say to one who could not return it. I took my last look at that dear face, which had always worn a smile for me (and wore it yet), and kissed its cold white lips; then hurried into the little hall.

'Here is money, Marmy,' said Mr Glendell, putting in my hand a well-filled purse, 'without which the mare cannot be made to go: we will square accounts at another time.'

I had actually been about to start without a single sixpence.

'Master Marmy, Master Marmy, you've forgotten your luggage,' cried Martha, running out with a carpet-bag, into which, by Rosa's orders, she had put a few things, as I climbed into the gig. 'And here's some of your poor uncle's wraps, as he'll never want more; for you'll find it main cold upon the downs.'

And it was bitter cold. The north-east wind blew upon the high and open down-land with a force that the game little mare could scarcely make head against, and the view to seaward shewed a mass of tumbling foam. But the sharp coolness was pleasant to my fevered brow, and lightened my laden brain. For the first time since the previous night, I began to think clearly. The visit to the magistrate also did me good. His cut-and-dried phrases of condolence, his matter-of-fact questions, and even his superfluous advice, all helped to bring me to myself; and long before we had reached our destination, I had formed a definite plan. We inquired of all whom we met respecting the runaway, but could glean nothing; indeed, he had had so many hours' start of us that this was hardly to be expected. But my first question at the inn where we put up—the same at which I had dined with the fascinating Mr Swete—was concerning the ship of which I had heard as about to leave the port for India. The people of the hotel

exhibited the usual ignorance of their class respecting anything not immediately connected with their own calling; they 'really could not say'; but there was a local paper in the coffee-room, which would doubtless contain the shipping intelligence of the place. This periodical was, however, mislaid. I hurried to the docks, and made my inquiries at head-quarters. The *Star of the West* had sailed that morning for Calcutta. It was to have started the day before, but the weather had been too tempestuous. True, it was stormy enough to-day; but the wind had changed, which before had been directly adverse to the ship's course.

'Had a passenger—a Hindu—joined the vessel?' inquired I, 'at the very last moment?' My limbs trembled as I asked this question, and I could hear the beating of my own heart. I should have thought it would have been easy for the most unobservant to perceive that my business was of the last importance; but the clerk only settled down to his work with a surly: 'How should I know? This is not the passenger department.'

I could have leaped across the counter and strangled him; but I managed to ask with civility where the passenger department was. 'Next dock,' answered the man with irritation. This jack in office could, as I subsequently learned, have answered my question readily enough, but he would not compromise his dignity. The passenger department was an inferior branch of the Company's offices. What unnecessary suspense and pain does man in his brutal egotism inflict upon his fellow-creatures! The booking-clerk was, on the other hand, a communicative young fellow enough. 'Yes indeed: a fat Hindu had gone on board the ship not an hour before she set sail. A pretty voyage he was likely to make of it. He looked sea-sick before he started.—When would another vessel sail for the same destination?—Oh, immediately. The consort of the *Star of the West* would start that day fortnight.—Couldn't say which was the fastest: all the Company's ships were fast ones—clippers.—Didn't know as to the state of sailing of other Company's vessels; but he knew one thing—that none of them would catch the *Star*. She had a great treasure—as doubtless I had heard—on board: fifty thousand pounds in gold, consigned to —'

Very wretched and sick at heart, I left the man, still dilating upon the wealth and importance of the mercantile firm with which he was officially connected, and went back to the inn. It was almost my first acquaintance with the world outside Hershell Point, and how selfish all folks seemed! I sat down at a table in the huge coffee-room, and rested my head on my hands, thinking how vastly I had underrated the difficulties of the pursuit in which I was engaged. So long as the Hindu had remained in England, I should have felt certain, sooner or later, of laying hands upon him. His colour and speech would have isolated him from others, and left an easy trace. But thus to have placed the seas between us at the outset, was to have escaped me at once. I had not really faced the possibility of such a thing, and the stroke of good-fortune which had befallen him in this unexpected manner fairly paralysed me. It had been all very well to vow to follow him to the ends of the earth, but how was I to find him in the wide waste of India?

'You seem sad, Mr Marmaduke Drake,' said a quiet voice close to my ear. It was a bantering

Chambers's J.
Feb. 20, 1888.
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voice, and I was not in the humour for banter. I looked up angrily, and perceived that a stranger had seated himself at the next table—a stout hale man, who had apparently taken a great deal of port wine in his time, and was taking some now with his luncheon. He was dressed neatly in black, with a white tie, and yet he did not look like a clergyman.

'Sir,' said I coldly, 'I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance.'

'Yes, you have,' replied he carelessly. 'You have had more—I have done business for you, and never charged you for it—a most unprofessional proceeding. My name's Geoffrey Moulden.'

I rose up at once and warmly shook his hand. 'Excuse my ill manners, sir,' said I. 'I know no one to whom it more behoves me to be courteous. But of course I did not know you. How came you to know me?'

'The landlady told me who you were. I am going down to spend a day or two with Mrs Blunt at Sandiford; and when I was ordering my trap, she said there was a young gentleman here from those parts. You seem in trouble again, my friend. You have had no more business transactions with Mr Percival Swete, I trust?'

'No, indeed, sir. I am amateur thief-catching just now, and my man has just escaped; and I told him how the Hindu had carried off the money the previous night, and was now safe on board the *Star of the West*.'

'Well, fifty pounds are not worth taking a voyage to India for,' observed Mr Moulden. 'There is nothing for it but to go home again. Can I not take you some miles in my conveyance?'

I hesitated, unwilling to return home so soon with nothing accomplished. Yet, what could I do? The gig had already gone back, and Mr Moulden's offer was not reasonably to be refused.

'Come, Mr Drake,' urged he cheerfully; 'it would really be a kindness to me, for besides the advantage of your company, the more ballast we have the better, for this wind seems strong enough to put anything on four wheels topsy-turvy.'

The wind had indeed risen, till it was well-nigh a hurricane. Even where we were, in comparative shelter, its effects were visible enough: the leafless trees swayed and bent; and the snow, which had fallen lightly days ago, but, thanks to the frost, still lay about here and there, was carried up into the keen blue air, and once more cast upon the clean-swept earth. But as we left the low-lying land, and climbed the downs, the blasts were terrific. Fortunately, they came from behind, for otherwise we could not possibly have held on our way. Conversation, although we were in a closed fly, was rendered impossible, and I was not sorry for it, for I had not heart for the blithe old lawyer's cheery talk, but was plunged in my own sad reflections.

Suddenly, however, an ejaculation from my companion made itself heard, and he hastily pushed down the window. 'Look, look!' cried he excitedly. 'Great Heavens, what a sight!'

We had by this time reached the summit of the downs, only a mile or two above the Point, and the vast stretch of ocean lay in view for the first time. To a landsman's eyes, the spectacle must in truth have been majestic; and even to mine, well accustomed to the ocean in her fits of fury, it was wondrous grand. The whole sea was sheeted with

foam, while Hershell Bay, generally smooth, except in very rough weather, boiled like a caldron. On the north-eastern side, where the reef lay, the spray spouted up in floods, and the short winter day was fast closing in.

'What a night awaits folks at sea,' exclaimed the kindly lawyer. 'It seems as though no ship could live in such a whirlpool.'

The fly-man had stopped, either thinking that my companion's ejaculation had been addressed to himself, or arrested by the spectacle before him, which was indeed unparalleled even on that coast.

'There is a ship, gentlemen,' cried he, for an instant leaving hold of his hat to point seaward with his whip. 'Poor souls!'

'I see no sail, Mr Drake,' exclaimed the lawyer impatiently. 'You have younger eyes, can you see any?'

'No sail could stand for a second in this tempest, Mr Moulden,' answered I; 'it would be blown to ribbons: the vessel will be scudding under bare poles. Yes, there she is; and—God help them—she is going straight on the reef.'

'Can we not warn them—can we make no signal?' inquired my companion, who had now got out of the conveyance, and was standing with myself and the driver under the lee of it, as it were. 'Can nothing be done?'

'Nothing,' said I solemnly, for had I not seen a dozen noble ships in a similar strait, although never perhaps in one so desperate. 'They know their danger better than we do. Look! she drifts no longer; they have thrown their anchors out.'

'Then she is saved,' exclaimed the lawyer. 'I would give a thousand pounds to see her saved.'

'If her anchors hold,' observed I gloomily; 'but they will not hold; I know that ground so well.'

'They are dragging already, sir,' said the fly-man, who was making a telescope of his hands. And, indeed, we could see her sensibly drawing nearer and nearer to her doom.

'Let us get on towards the sea,' cried Mr Moulden. 'I cannot go to Sandiford while this is taking place. I will go with you, Mr Drake.'

'Alas, sir,' said I, 'my house cannot now receive a guest, or I should say welcome. But we can get down to the beach, of course, if that is your wish.'

So the fly-man drove to the first zigzag, where we left him and the horses in comparative shelter from the fury of the wind, and hurried down to the shore. This was already lined with Hershell men, and among them Mr Glendell, who had a telescope. He was too humane a man to think of anything save the peril of the poor souls before his eyes, and he only grasped my hand without questioning me.

'Is there no hope?' said I.

'No, none,' answered he, 'as you may see; and he handed me his glass.'

The vessel, which was a very large one, was now within a few feet only of the reef. Upon its decks, the few sailors who had not been swept off by the huge seas were engaged in cutting away the masts, of which there were three, and the rigging. The ship soon tumbled about a mere hull in the trough or on the summit of the waves.

I offered the telescope to the lawyer, but his hands trembled so excessively that he could see nothing through it. 'I am glad I don't live here,' said he with agitation, 'to see such sights as this!'

The men about us were looking on gravely enough, but without any passionate excitement.

'I never knew a storm like this,' answered Mr Glendell; 'nor the wreck of so great a vessel. She must have a great many souls on board. I fear we only see a few; the rest are below.'

'Where is Rosa?' inquired I.

'Getting all things ready, in case we can be of any help; but they will not be needed. Nothing with life could come ashore in such a sea as this.'

'There she goes, stern foremost,' cried a man beside us.

'What! gone down?' exclaimed the lawyer. 'Surely I see her yet.'

'No, sir; gone on the reef.'

'I'll give a hundred pounds,' cried Mr Moulden, 'to the man who takes a rope out to that ship.'

'No man without wings could do it, sir,' returned the fisherman quietly. We were standing under the cliff in comparative shelter, and could converse easily enough, because the wind was blowing from off the land. 'It is now only a question of a few minutes. When her cable parted, her last hope was gone. See, she is coming broadside on! And now she is gone!' And yonder, true enough, there was now no object to be seen save the wild waves, leaping and roaring, as though exulting over their captured prey.

'It is all over,' said Mr Glendell reverently. 'God help them!'

'What! must they all drown?'

'Ay, all, sir,' said the fisherman. 'By to-morrow morn, there will be plenty come ashore, most like; but they will be Dead Men.'

'It was a fine ship, too.'

'Do you know what ship it was?' asked I, with a selfish heart-throb.

'Yes; I know her well; she was an Indianman—the *Star of the West*. She came round from Daisypoot only this very morning.'

CHAPTER XVI.—LEFT ALONE.

What a day had I just passed! What an eight-and-forty hours of sleepless anxiety, and bitter loss, and then of loss again, though of another sort, and again of vain pursuit, ending in that tragedy of shipwreck. And now that Mr Moulden had gone on his way to Sandiford, and I was to return to my desolate home with what it held, the thing that was no more my dear, kind, noble Uncle Theo, a cold shudder crossed over me. Mr Glendell said: 'You must come with me to-night, Marmy, else you will want nursing.' I knew that he spoke the truth. This sudden change from the quiet uneventful life in which every day repeated itself, had been too much for me. Until I had taken some food, the doctor would not allow me to enter upon the subject of my late expedition, and even then he was against it; only Rosa, who was a wiser physician than himself where the mind was concerned, contended, as I afterwards found out, that it was better for me to say my say.

'Well,' said the doctor, musing, when I had finished my story, 'it is so far satisfactory that the matter is over: there is no more suspense to be endured. The Hindu, poor devil, has escaped us, and there's an end. So now, early as it is, go to bed, Marmy; and if you can sleep four-and-twenty hours, so much the better.'

I did as I was bid—it seemed so pleasant to me to be directed—to be no longer dependent on myself alone; and, although my rest was troubled with hideous dreams, I did sleep until after daybreak.

Then I arose, and finding that my host had already gone down to the beach, I followed him. The shore was strewn with spars and timbers; but the sea, after its day of fury, had sunk to almost a dead calm; in the still blue air, one could hear the voices of the men who thronged the shore, in almost as great numbers as the previous night, for a great distance: some were in boats at the end of the reef, above the very place where the great ship had gone down; but most of them were looking for what had been cast ashore, as usual.

'He would be a good haul,' said one to another; 'and a deal more worth having, if we could find him, than ever he was when alive.'

'You may say that,' answered the other. 'His Master was a very different sort—God bless him. But how strange it was that they two should have gone and died within twelve hours of one another, eh!'

'Ay, strange indeed.'

Of whom could they be talking, unless of my uncle and his servant? I listened eagerly, but they said no more until I came up with them.

'Have many bodies come on shore?' inquired I. 'No, Mr Marmaduke; half-a-dozen poor sailors; and that's all. The passengers, you see, were under hatches; and they say out yonder that the ship has settled down quite upright, and did not break amidstships, as we thought certain. I doubt whether we shall find him as you're looking for, at all.'

'Him that I am looking for?'

'Yes, sir; the poor black fellow as was Mr Braydon's man. Mr Glendell told us as you wished to have him buried right and proper, and has offered ten pounds to whoever finds him.'

I nodded, but did not speak.

It was clear that Mr Glendell did not consider the matter wholly ended, as he had endeavoured to convince me. There was still a chance of finding the Hindu's body, and with it the secret. At this idea I seemed to feel new life. Action, at all events for the nonce, lay now before me, not merely barren regret and choking grief. Had not my uncle enjoined on me to recover Sangaree Tannajee dead or alive!

Presently, I saw Mr Glendell searching with the rest, and began to thank him for his forethought in the matter. 'It would indeed be a comfort to me,' said I, 'if the corpse should be found; and besides, although you would not have known it, the packet was wrapped in sealskin, so that the salt water will not hurt what it contains.'

'That's well,' returned the doctor; but by no means with the satisfaction I had expected from him, since he had been of late so eager about the secret. 'We can but do our best; in a few hours the thing must be decided one way or the other.'

'Why in so short a time?' inquired I, for I knew that bodies would often come ashore for many days, and even weeks, after such shipwrecks.

'Well, this is a curious case, Marmy; the vessel has gone down at the very extremity of the reef, and almost outside it, so that when she breaks up, all she contains may go hither and thither, and not necessarily come into the bay.'

'And if what we look for did come,' said I, unable to repress a shudder, 'it would, I suppose, after a very few days, be totally unrecognisable, no matter how great was the diversity from its fellows while in life!'

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there have been here in the matter of identification. Two mothers claiming the same body as that of their drowned son, and so forth,' observed the doctor coolly. 'The features of the dead, in this country at least, are not generally recognisable after eight-and-forty hours. I remember, in the hospital in which I learned my trade, there was a leather body which was sworn to once or twice by enthusiastic witnesses. There is nothing which more requires, and less often receives, a cool judgment than the identification of the dead. But I am speaking, of course, of bodies which have been exposed to atmospheric influences; the sea is a great antiseptic, and as long as the subject is kept under water'—

The doctor, diffuse only upon professional subjects, would doubtless have extended his lecture considerably, but that at this moment a number of fishermen began to run together towards one part of the beach, and we could see some huge object floating towards them.

'Good Heavens! it is some poor woman,' ejaculated the doctor.

Then a great shout of laughter broke from the men: it jarred discordantly enough, as may well be supposed, upon such a scene, and I felt hot with shame and anger.

'The brutal scoundrels!' said the little doctor fiercely; and off we both ran to the spot in question. We could scarcely believe our ears when we heard, as we drew near, the shouts of mirth repeated; for Hershell folks, although used enough to such spectacles, were never callous, and far less ruffianly. Their own perils in the deep made them pitiful for the victims of the sea.

'What is it, men? Are you mad?' cried I, who had outstripped my companion.

'Lor bless ye, Mr Marmaduke; only look at this. We thought it was some drowned fellow-creature, and it's only the blessed figure-head.'

And indeed there was the huge female figure which had adorned the prow of the sunk ship, comparatively uninjured—for the Indianam had struck, as I said, stern foremost—with *Star of the West* carved beneath it in large gold letters.

'How Tragedy and Comedy go hand in hand together through the world,' mused I.

'True,' said the doctor: 'the very observation, while speaking of Tannajee and your poor uncle, Mrs Blunt made last night.'

'What!' exclaimed I, surprised, 'did you see her last night?'

The doctor looked confused. 'Yes,' said he. 'I thought it right to ride over to Sandiford, when you had gone to bed, to tell her what had happened to Mr Braydon, and about the wreck.'

'That was very good of you,' said I; 'you think of everything for me; although, indeed, I suppose it was Rosa who thought of that?'

'No; it was entirely my own idea,' answered Mr Glendell carelessly.—'Well, we can do no good here that these fellows cannot do for us; let us go in to breakfast.'

My thoughts were too much occupied with weightier matters to dwell upon it at that time, but even then, it seemed to me a very strange thing that the doctor, who loved his ease, should, on such a stormy night, have gone to tell Mrs Blunt what she must needs already have heard hours before from the lips of Mr Moulden.

All that day, and the next, I watched the sea with keener expectation than any wrecker; but

the dreadful gift for which I looked with such weird longing it refused to give, and we were told that now it would never come. On the third day, Mr Glendell had a long and serious talk with me. 'You are very far from well, Marmy,' said he; 'you do not eat, nor, as I fear, sleep. Is it not so?'

'I do not sleep much,' said I; 'but I am well and strong.'

'That is impossible, my friend: the state of excitement in which you at present subsist seems to you to be strength, but it is in reality wearing out your stamina, and when it leaves you, there will be danger.' He felt my pulse, looked graver still, and shook his head. 'When the wave of life flows as yours does, Marmy, it strands a man almost like those poor fellows on the beach yonder. I fear low fever for you at the best. You must have quiet; you must indeed.'

I felt he spoke the truth, for though I was not sensible of fatigue, I knew no rest, to be called such. I loathed my food, and every morsel went nigh to choke me; my veins seemed to flow not with blood, but fire; but I also felt that the remedy which he proposed was utterly beyond my reach. Quiet! My brain was filled with thoughts that pressed so close upon each other's heels, that there was not a moment's space between them; yet not with thoughts, but rather with visions, dreams, and ghastly chimeras. I could not think, in the ordinary sense, at all; I could not have written a sentence of my usual literary work, for instance, if it had been to save my own life, or recall that of my beloved Uncle Theo. Even Rosa had no power to soothe me.

'I cannot but reproach myself,' said Mr Glendell, 'for my own part in this matter; if I had not been so eager to help you to get back this wretched Hindu, you would have been less anxious to do so, and by this time have put up with the loss. But now you are consumed with a vain longing for a secret which is hidden for ever in the depths of the sea.'

I did not attempt to gainsay this. How could I, whom the first dawn of morning and the last faint flush of sunset had found watching by the calm and mocking deep, and to whom all night there appeared hideous shapes, all with some fantastic likeness to the form he spoke of, and each with a finger at its lips! If ever there was a haunted wretch, it was I.

'Now, look you, Marmy,' continued the doctor; 'if you do not wish myself and Rosa—for it was she who finally decided you upon undertaking this idle search, and she regrets it as bitterly as I do—to have your illness on our consciences, you will do your best to face this matter like a man. While there was hope, I clung to it as closely as did you. I confess that I was bitten with the mystery that hung about that wretched creature, and would have given much, especially of late, to solve it. But now that there is no hope, I bow to Fate's decree. It is foolish, it is wicked to oppose one's self to that. From henceforth, I think no more of Sangaree Tannajee and the secret, which is buried with him for ever. I will not speak of him more, nor suffer others beneath my roof to do so; and to-morrow, when we have laid your dear good uncle in his grave, I leave this place, to spend a month in town, whither business calls me, and I shall take you with me.'

Then ensued the nearest approach to a quarrel

that ever took place between myself and good Mr Glendell. I felt the force of his reasoning, and I gave him every credit for his excellent intention, but I knew better than he did the disease that was in my own mind, and how powerless would be his remedy to cure it. Nay, I was well convinced that to tear myself away from Hershell just now would only be to aggravate my symptoms. It was at the doctor's house, which was inland, that, notwithstanding Rosa's presence there, I always felt worse; whereas by the shore, and with my eyes fixed on the deep, that had robbed me of my secret, and held it in its bosom, I was more tranquil. I cannot explain my condition; but I have heard that some folks whose hopes are centered in a Chancery suit, are, however frail their chance of gaining it, for ever haunting Lincoln's Inn, as though the very locality where the trial is pending soothes their anxiety, notwithstanding that they only hear bad news there; and so perhaps it was with myself—a baffled suitor of the unjust sea. At all events, I was firmly determined, while the timbers of the *Star of the West* yet held together beyond the reef yonder, beneath that treacherous dimple of the smiling deep—for both days and nights were now summer-like in their calm—to remain at Hershell, notwithstanding I was informed on all hands that when the ship did break up, it was certain, from her situation, that should any bodies be still in her, they would drift seaward, and never come to shore.

I was therefore adamant to all the doctor's appeals, though, when persuasion failed, he did not hesitate to use sharpness. To Rosa (as I afterwards learned) he even said: 'Unless we take him with us, when we come back we shall have to tend a madman;' whereby of course he secured her most earnest co-operation in his efforts. But all failed. At home I was resolved for the present to stay. And after we had reverently laid dear Uncle Theo in his last resting-place, Mr Glendell and Rosa started for town, leaving me alone at the Point, to which I had now returned. How little I guessed what a change was to take place in me, and in life's prospects, before I beheld them again!

EPITAPHS.

As numberless as stars in the heavens are graves on the face of the earth. Reader, do you care to wander through country churchyards, where sheep are nibbling the long grass and wild-flowers, and blithe birds singing in old trees, whose rough bark and branching splendour have been the growth of centuries—where peace, and quiet, and everlasting stillness seem fitting for the repose of the sons of Adam, when their spirits have journeyed from this troubled world for ever?

Do you care to wander through ancient burial-yards in the midst of noisy cities, where living, waking, busy man is constantly passing by the dust of his brother man—where life, in its very essence of activity, seems strangely at variance with the mound that covers him who is 'a dead man out of mind?' And again, do you care to wander through beautiful new cemeteries, where elegant monuments, carefully tended flowers, and fresh young trees may take away from the solemnity of the old churchyard, but give bright and pleasant feelings about the grave? Do you like to read the records of the dead, the lamentations of the living,

and the curious ideas and verses that one finds inscribed on stone and engraven on granite?

If so, perhaps on some snowy or rainy day, when the 'ingle nook' is preferable to the regions outside, the following collection of epitaphs may while away some spare half-hour.

Epitaphs are what?—The thoughts of the living (and sometimes those of the dead) expressed in words, and engraven in memory of those who are gone before. Very often they are texts from the Holy Scriptures. Affection, mingled with Hope, speaks forth in these terms: 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;' or in praise of the good life and blessedness of the death of the departed, as, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' and such-like texts. Resignation exclaims: 'Thy will be done;' and Faith: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Again, we find quotations from the poetical version of the Psalms, and verses of poetry of different kinds, recording, generally, the brevity of life. In the cemetery at Tunbridge Wells, we see the following:

Our life hangs by a single thread;
Soon 'tis cut, and we are dead.
Then boast not, reader, of thy might;
Alive at noon, and dead at night.

Also, in the same cemetery, on a girl aged sixteen:

Behold this flower, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Come forth to shew how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

An epitaph of a much higher character claims our notice on an old stone in a desolate little kirk-yard at Roslin—the same is also to be found at Haddington:

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, while it lived, did vigour give
To as much virtue as could live.

At Melrose Abbey is another of the same kind:

Earth walketh on the Earth,
Glistening like gold;
Earth goeth to the Earth
Sooner than it wold;
Earth buildeth on the Earth
Palaces and towers;
Earth sayeth to the Earth,
'All shall be ours.'

A beautiful inscription is this on the tombstone of Sir John Grahame, in Falkirk Churchyard:

Heir lyes Sir John the Grahame, baith wight and wise. Ane of the chief reaskewit Scotland thrise. Ane Better Knight not to the world was lent—nor was guide Grahame of Truth and Hardiment. Sir John was slain by the Engl. 22d July, 1298.

In Glasgow Cathedral is an epitaph, which is engraved on the lid of a very old sarcophagus, discovered in the crypt:

Our Life's a flying Shadow, God 'a the Pole,
The Index pointing at him is our Soul,
Death 'a the Horizon, when our Sun is set,
Which will through Chryst a Resurrection get.

On a stone in the churchyard at Langtown, in Cumberland, we read:

Life's like an inn where travellers stay;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest only sup and go to bed;
Long is his bill who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

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To go farther afield. Come to Russia, and amidst the thousands who fell in the roar of the battle, and found a grave in that far-distant country: the *Times* says: 'At the Malakhoff there is nothing but a large wooden cross at the head of a mound full of dead, with this inscription in white paint:

Unis pour la victoire,
Réuni par la mort,
Du soldat c'est la gloire,
Du brave c'est le sort.

In a secluded ravine, among many other tombs, we find this quaint inscription:

I am anchored here below, with many of the fleet,
But once again we will set sail our Admiral Christ
to meet.

Here and there, the melancholy yew-tree and fading rosebud speak for themselves of the weary and of the young who repose beneath the dust of the earth, without other record than the silent thought that occurs to the mind of the passer-by, that 'all flesh is grass, and the glory thereof is as the flower of the field;' but here and there also, rude country wit makes sad havoc with solemn thoughts, and causes a smile, however unwillingly, to rise. For instance, in the churchyard at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, we have what follows:

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I;
We all died within the short space of one short
year.
They all be buried at Wimble, except I,
And I be buried here.

Here is one which apparently included the living as well as the dead:

John Palfreman lies buried here,
Aged 4 and 20 year;
Near this place his mother lies;
Likewise his father when he dies.

Surely the following must be of Hibernian origin:

Here lies the body of Nicholas Round,
Who was lost in the sea, and never was found.

The next inscription which I have noted down is to the memory of a wife:

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

At Ocknam, Surrey:

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

At Cookham we find,

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Here lies an honest woman.

A very impolite one exists in Sunbury Churchyard:

Here lies my beast of a first wife.

In striking contrast we find in Ross Churchyard:

Behold an angel dwelt among men.

At Lincoln:

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinguished, forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail *driven*, my work is done.
Finis coronat opus.

Walking through the old churchyard at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, I came upon the following:

This world's a city full of streets,
And Death's the market-place where all men meet.
If Death were merchandise that gold could buy,
The rich would live, the poor alone would die.

Here is a great mistake! To make sense, it should be, 'If *life* were merchandise,' &c.

On the south wall of Streatham Church is this singular inscription:

Elizabeth, wife of Major-general Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did one thing to disoblige her husband.

The following is on a tombstone in San Diego, California:

This year is saked to the memory of William Henry Shraken, who cam to his deth being shot with Colt's revolvers—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A curious play upon words is this epitaph on Barraud, the watchmaker, late of Cornhill, London:

My *main-spring* broke—no further use the *key*
That served to *set me going*; my *Hour* is come,
And I who made—to *measure Time*—full oft with
glee,
Have fall'n beneath th' *unerring hand*—'tis done.

Encas'd within this marble Tomb—I wait
The action of th' Almighty *regulator*—my *works* if
good

Will meet reward—and tho' 'tis now too late
To *mend*, I hope redemption thro' my Saviour's
blood.

The next is perhaps more widely known, but so singularly unflattering, that I cannot refrain quoting it. It is an epitaph on Mr William Wright:

Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

The following epitaphs, many of them quaint and comical in the extreme, I believe to be authentic, but (with one exception) I know not in what quiet grass-grown nooks they have their habitation. Whilst in life, we often have a desire to choose the spot where our mortal remains shall rest; when death comes, our friends, guided by various reasons, choose that last home for us. In the following epitaph, we see a strange contentment with this choice, supposed to be the utterance of the dead himself:

Here lie I at the Chancel door;
Here lie I because I'm poor.
The further in, the more they pay;
But here I lie as warm as they.

The next is on a Miss Partridge, who died in the month of May:

What! shoot a partridge in the month of May!
Was that done like a sportsman—eh! Death, eh?

Our interest is now awakened by an extraordinary assertion:

Here lies
Elizabeth Wise,
She died of thunder sent from heaven,
In 1777.

I withhold all comment on the next:

Oh! do not weep, my husband dear;
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
Then mend your ways, prepare to die,
For you are soon to come to I.

Written under in pencil was this :

I do not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife ;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to cherish she.

In the following, also, the widower seems to rejoice in his loss :

This dear little spot is the joy of my life,
It raises my flowers, and covers my wife.

The annexed epitaph is on a young woman who gained her livelihood by selling eggs, and from the tenor of it, we judge her brother must have erected the stone to her memory :

Here lies the body of Mary M'Groyne,
Who was so very pure within,
She broke the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.
N.B.—Her brother, made of sterner stuff,
Adds to her business that of snuff.

On a tombstone in a churchyard near Cheltenham, we find a strong and unvarnished opinion in the mineral-water line :

Here lies I, and my three daughters ;
So much for drinking the Cheltenham waters.
If we had kept to the Epsom salts,
We never would have lain in these 'ere vaults.

The next calls forth our sympathies, there is such a ring of sorrow, such deep pathos in the few words so curtly spoken :

Poorly lived,
Poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.

On a photographer, we read :

Here I lie taken from life.

He was hard up for a rhyme who penned this to the memory of a neighbour :

Here lies W. A.,
Lately removed from over the way.

The next is highly complimentary to a father's feelings :

Here lies the mother of children 5,
Three are dead and Two are alive ;
Those who are dead preferring rather
To die with their mother, than live with Father.

I conclude with a sonnet (Does that mean an epitaph in this case ?) on a youth who died from excess of fruit-pie, and also with a species of puzzle I copied from a tomb at Monmouth Churchyard. To begin with the sonnet :

*Currents have check'd the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here ;
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall ; so fair a fare
Lessens not hate, yet 'tis a lesson good.
Gilt will not long hide guilt, such thin washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey,
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearer,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away !*

Last of all, this Monmouth one, made by the man himself when dying :

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The capital H in the centre is the clue ; in fact, it simply reads, in ups and downs, &c., 'Here lies John Renie.'

'FRIENDS' IN NEED.

IN these days of religious freedom, wherein even Spain has announced toleration for all creeds, and when in our own country such mild measures as 'inhibition' from this or that practice is held to be Persecution, while those at whom it is aimed constitute themselves as Martyrs accordingly, it is quite refreshing to come across a genuine denominational grievance. One may think it hard that as a priest he may not dress in green and gold, and another may complain that all liberty of conscience is at an end since his incense-pot has been denounced by the Privy Council ; but we have not come to the Inquisition yet, nor is it likely that we shall do so. Laymen, indeed, are permitted any theological eccentricity, so long as they do not obstruct the public thoroughfares, by missionary enterprise ; and to hang up a Quaker gentleman by the thumbs (unless it was Mr Bright, which would undoubtedly give pleasure to some people), because he sticks to his own doctrinal views, would certainly be held in England a strong measure. And yet under the shadow of the wings of that much vaunted bird of freedom, the American eagle, this (and a great deal worse) has, it seems, of late been done.

The record of it now lies before us in *A Narrative of the Cruelties inflicted upon Friends during the Years 1861 to 1865, in consequence of their Faithfulness to the Christian View of the Unlawfulness of War*; and a very remarkable narrative it is. 'The statements,' says its preface, 'may be accepted as literally true, taken down in most instances from the lips of the sufferers themselves ;' and the pamphlet itself is issued by direction and on behalf of the representatives of the North Carolina yearly meeting of Friends, in July 1868.

At the breaking out of the civil war in America, if the Quakers were unpopular with the North as being non-combatants, they were doubly odious in the South, on account of their hostility to slavery. Upon that subject, they were far in advance of their southern fellow-countrymen. In 1740, this same North Carolina Meeting contented itself with pronouncing an 'advice' that all slaves be 'well used;' but thirty years later, it declared the importation of negroes from Africa to be 'iniquitous;' and in 1776, the practice of slaveholding was formally condemned. For more than thirty years after, there were 'Friends' who were not fully convinced of this evil, or were so involved in it as to make their extrication difficult; but in 1818, slaveholding was abolished in the Society, and the brief record of the yearly meeting ran thus: 'None held as Slaves.'

To begin with, therefore, the Friends had placed themselves in antagonism with the people of the Southern States, and, when hostilities commenced, the ill-feeling towards them took a practical shape, and increased with the duration of the contest. By the passage of the Conscription Act in the Confederate Congress in 1862, every man between eighteen and thirty-five years of age was required to enter the army; in 1863, it was made to include all between eighteen and forty-five; and in 1864, all between seventeen and fifty. The Friends petitioned Congress for relief; and, in the first instance, obtained exemption on the payment of one hundred dollars each, which tax, however, was raised a few months later to five hundred dollars. As the war proceeded, and the necessities of the Southerners increased, the Quakers were more and more severely treated. Rude arrests, short but uncertain imprisonments, and violent menaces, were at first the lot of those who were drafted and refused to fight. Some escaped to the West; others 'felt at liberty' to engage in the state salt-works, 'though not a few of the latter, finding their work too closely connected with war' [probably the making of gunpowder], 'relinquished it.' Then the Southern gentry began to use sharpness, and to hang up Quakers by the thumbs. Here is one instance out of many. 'In the spring of 1865 about forty men, professing to be in search of conscripts, came to a mill belonging to J. D., of Cane Creek, Chatham Co. The miller was first hung up by a rope three times, to force him to betray his sons, who were hidden. Upon hearing the screams of the miller's wife and children, J. D. went out to the crowd. The same information was demanded of him, but he assured them of his entire ignorance as to their retreat. He was at once seized and carried into the barn. A rope was tied around his neck, and thrown over a beam, while he was mounted upon a box. Then, beginning to tighten the rope, they said: "You are a Quaker, and your people, by refusing to fight, and keeping so many out of the army, have caused the defeat of the South;" adding, that if he had any prayers to offer, he must be quick, as he had only five minutes to live. J. D. only replied that he was innocent, and could adopt the language, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." They then said they would not hang him just then, but proceeded to rob him; then ordered him under a horse-trough, threatening to shoot him if he looked up. While lying there he could hear them hanging up the miller three different times, till the sound of strangling began.

After finally extorting a promise from him to find his sons, they left, charging J. D. to lie still till they came back with some others to hang. They did not return, however, but went on to one of his Methodist neighbours, whom they hung until unconscious, and then left him in that state; and the next night they found one of the missing conscripts, whom they hung until dead.'

This was not a mere ebullition of anger on the part of a pressgang. The officers of the Southern army were instructed to carry out these persecutions; at all events, they did so. On their refusal to 'take a gun, the unfortunate Friends were subjected by the military authorities to something very like torture. Not only were guns tied to the arms of these non-combatants, and straps round their necks, by which they were dragged about, but they were married to a sort of Scavenger's Daughter. 'S. F.,' for instance, 'was subjected for two hours to the brutal punishment known as Bucking, in which the person is placed in a stooping position, the wrists firmly tied and brought in front of the knees, with a pole thrust between the elbows and the knees, thus keeping the body in a painful and totally helpless position. After this, he was made to carry a pole for two or three hours, and then tied during the night. The next morning, he was tied up by the hands for two hours. The same afternoon, a gun was tied to his right arm, and a piece of timber to his neck. Unable longer to endure the weight of it, he sat down, in order to support the end of it upon the ground, when he was pierced by a bayonet. They then bucked him down again, and gagged him with a bayonet for the remainder of the day. Enraged at the meekness with which these cruelties and indignities were borne, the captain began to swear at him, telling him it was useless to contend further; he must now take a gun or die. As the captain proceeded to tie the gun upon his arm, S. F. answered quietly: "If it is thy duty to inflict this punishment upon me, do it cheerfully—don't get angry about it." The captain then left him, saying to his men: "If any of you can make him fight, do it—I cannot." Two young men now appeared with their guns, telling him they were going to take him off and shoot him. "It is the Sabbath," he replied, "and as good a day to die as any." The next day, the Bucking was again resorted to.

There are, in fact, so many examples given of this practice, that Bucking a Quaker seems to have been an amusement as popular with the Southern army as the game called 'fighting-cocks' is with schoolboys. Friend H. M. H. suffered a still more severe punishment. 'At three different times, he was suspended by his thumbs, with his feet barely touching the ground upon the toes, and kept in this excruciating position for nearly two hours each time. They next tried the bayonet: their orders were, they said, to thrust them in four inches deep; but, though much scarred and pierced, it was not so severely done as they had threatened. One of the men, after thus wounding him, came back to entreat his forgiveness.'

If the 'four inches deep' strikes the reader as a little exaggerated in the martyr's recital, this mention of entreating his forgiveness must be set down *per contra*. It seems to us, indeed, that Friend H. M. H. was not only a martyr, but a fanatic, since he declined to make use of such means of relief as Providence placed within his reach, though with what precise object, unless, through

extra suffering, to increase the subsequent spiritual penalties of his persecutors, does not appear. His story runs as follows: 'In the spring of 1862, two brothers, H. M. H. and J. D. H., were drafted, arrested, and taken to Raleigh. Being allowed to return home for ten days, they faithfully reappeared. They were soon sent to Weldon, where they were required to drill, and were warned of their liability to be shot if they proved refractory. They were, however, only kept in close custody in the guardhouse, and the next month were discharged, and sent home. About a year after this, they were included in the conscription. They were assigned to an artillery company at Kinston, and after various threats, were sent to Gen. R—, who declared that his orders should be carried out at all hazards. They were now confined in an upper room without food or drink. Various persons were allowed to converse with them, and, as day after day passed on, so far from sinking under the suffering, they used their little remaining strength gladly in explaining their testimony, and telling of their inward consolation. They felt that, in this time of fiery trial, this did indeed turn to them for a testimony, and that they knew the promise fulfilled: "It shall be given you in that same hour what you shall speak." Their sufferings from thirst were the most acute. On the third night, the brothers were awakened from a peaceful sleep by the sound of rain. A little cup had been left in their room, and from the open window they could soon have refreshed themselves. The first thought of each was to do so. They were in nowise bound to concur in this inhuman punishment; yet an impression was clearly made upon their minds, before consulting each other, that they must withhold, and they scarcely felt the copious showers tempt them. The next morning, several officers entered the room and questioned them closely: they claimed it to be impossible for them to retain so much strength without any food, and charged them with having secretly obtained it. They then, in much simplicity, told them of their not feeling easy to take even the rain that fell. This evidently touched the hearts of the officers. Soon after the end of four and a half days' abstinence, a little water was allowed, and about the end of five days their rations were furnished again.'

We can easily imagine that the virtue and determination of this excellent pair of brothers must have put the warriors of the Southern army very much out of patience; but nothing can excuse such infamous persecution, and this pamphlet details many other similar cases. The Southern Confederacy was, according to its own account, fighting for Liberty, above all things; Liberty (for white men at least) to act and think as they chose; and nothing can shew more clearly how little they were really actuated by that principle than this treatment of an inoffensive sect. It is curious to see, how, under a stress of circumstances sufficiently strong, the worst practices of the worst ages are thus found to make their reappearance. To suspend a man for two hours by his thumbs, with his toes barely touching the ground, because he will not abjure the religious principles he has always professed, is an act which, to Englishmen at least, seems to put the world's clock back for three centuries. We have no doubt of the general truth of the statements above reported, but must differ altogether from the views of the North Carolina

Friends on one point. We cannot think that the severe measures adopted with those who became Quakers after war was declared, is to be spoken of in the same breath with the persecutions inflicted on those who professed the non-combatant faith of their Fathers. The conversion of the former to 'the principles of peace,' was, to say the least of it, most suspicious and inopportune. In many cases, nay, in most, it could only have been another form of 'malingering.' Even if 'the pressure of the Spirit' had been ever so powerful, a man of honour would have hesitated to leave the ranks of his fellow-countrymen in that supreme hour of their peril, to shelter himself under the Exemption Act. The North Carolina Meeting seems to take it for granted that all such converts were sincere; this credulity, and a certain Methodist twang in the style of its narrations, are the only drawbacks to this singular pamphlet, which certainly discloses cruel wrongs, and illustrates anew how human nature repeats itself, under pressure, in acts which one might have hoped no civilised country would witness more.

MY BABY'S LULLABY.

On, hush! little baby! Hush, hush! lullaby!
Thine eyes should be closing, and silent thy cry;
My babe, softly couched on thy mother's warm breast,
All past is thy toying—'tis time thou shouldst rest.
Cease, pretty fingers, to stray in my hair;
Peace, joyful murmur, enriching the air;
Droop, brightsome eyes—seek thy mother no more;
Smiles durst not come, though thy mother bends
o'er:
At morn, to thy touch, 'tis her joy to reply;
She shuns thee but now, sweet! Hush, hush! lullaby!

Oh, hush! pretty baby! Hush, hush! lullaby!
Thine eye is not hidden; still lingers thy cry
My babe, though thy babble is life to my breast,
I sing thee to sleep, love, I lull thee to rest.
Part not thy lips; my glad kiss I must keep;
I may not caress till I see thee asleep.
Slumber, my babe; the gay sunlight is past;
Flow'rets so tender in sleep should be fast.
I heed not thy prattle, I turn from thy cry;
Sleep, sleep, baby darling! Hush, hush! lullaby!

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